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N.Y.
HERALD TRIBUNE,

John Gruelle Dies; Creator of Comic 'Brutus'

10 Ja 38

Herald Tribune Artist, Also an Author, Passes in Florida Home at 57

Wrote 'Raggedy Ann'

Had 14 Books Published and Drew for Magazines

By The Associated Press

MIAMI SPRINGS, Fla., Jan. 9.—John Gruelle, cartoonist and writer, died at his home here today of a heart attack. He had been ill several weeks.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Myrtle Gruelle, and two sons, Worth and Richard. Mr. Gruelle came here from Norwalk, Conn. Funeral services were set for tomorrow, with burial plans to be announced later.

Creator of "Brutus"

John B. Gruelle, whose comic feature "Brutus" appeared in the Sunday edition of the New York Herald Tribune, won in 1910 a prize of $2,000 offered by "The New York Herald" to the artist submitting the best idea for a full-page comic feature drawn by himself. Mr. Gruelle had been with the New York Tribune since 1928.

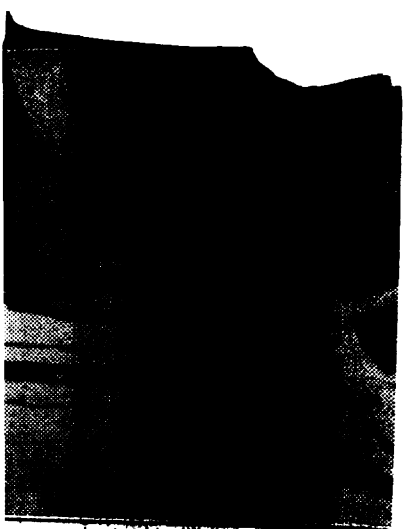
He was the originator of several comic characters and the author and illustrator of books. His book "Raggedy Ann" sold more than 3,000,000 copies. He also wrote "Little Orphan Annie Stories" and "Johnny Mouse Stories." He also put out several dolls named for his comic strip characters, including the Raggedy Ann doll, the Raggedy Andy doll and the Quacky Doodles doll.

Mr. Gruelle was born in Arcola, Ill., December 25, 1880 and entered newspaper work in Indianapolis in 1899. His political cartoons appeared in "The Indianapolis Sun," "The Indianapolis Star" and "The Indianapolis Sentinel." Subsequently he drew political cartoons for "The Cleveland (Ohio) Press" and the National Editorial Association. He came to New York in 1910, the year the car

not in MW 10-3-29 MM

To Louisa from
Aunt Elizabeth and
Uncle Hubert.
25 - Dec. - 1917.

MY VERY OWN FAIRY STORIES



- Zerbe, of the New York Herald Tri
prize in the pictorial class

Radio to Educate Adults By Evening Broadcasts

Columbia System Adopts Plan

MY VERY OWN FAIRY STORIES

by
JOHNNY GRUELLE

Illustrations
by the
AUTHOR

PUBLISHED BY
P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY
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Chicago, U. S. A.
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To MARCELLA and WORTH
And all other little girls and
boys who love the fairies—
this book is dedicated
J.B.S.

29X483

The Cheery Cricket

"Mama," exclaimed Elsie May, "there's something squeaking in one of the chinks in the fireplace and it stops whenever I come in. I wonder what it is."

"I've heard it," Mama replied as she went on with her work, "It's a little cricket."

"I'll creep up close and keep real still," said Elsie May to herself, "and perhaps I shall see him."

So she pulled a cushion up near the fireplace and kept very still.

When she had just about given up hope of hearing him, the little cricket began chirping, and this is what Elsie May heard him singing:

"Klickity, Klickity, Rickity Ray,
Oh, what a wonderful moonlit day.
The stars are out and it's nearly noon,
The Sun is green and so's the moon,
Ray, Rickity, Klickity, Klickity,
Klickity, Klickity, Rickity Ray,
Oh, what a wonderful moonlit day
The stars are—

Elsie May began giggling and a tiny head in a red hat looked out of one of the chinks of the fireplace at her.

"That was really a ridiculous song," said Elsie May when she saw the cricket was not going to hide again.

"Oh, indeed it *isn't*," replied the cricket, as he stepped out on the hearth.

"But," Elsie May said, as she leaned over to get a closer view of the cricket, "who ever heard of a 'moonlit day' and the stars out at *noon*."

"Oh, I see now why you giggled Elsie May, but you have a great deal to learn yet."

This made Elsie May start laughing again.

The little cricket gave a few funny little chirps and hopped about. "Yes, it is funny," he said, "I see now."

"Were you laughing *then* when you hopped around, Mr. Cricket?" Elsie May asked.

"Certainly, my dear," he replied, "you see you are *talking* in cricket language, but you are not *thinking* entirely in cricket language."

"Oh, dear me," Elsie May exclaimed, "how is that possible?" "Well, to begin with," exclaimed the cricket as he hopped upon Elsie May's apron, "in the Summer time we crickets are the fairies' musicians and the night is our day—do you begin to see?"

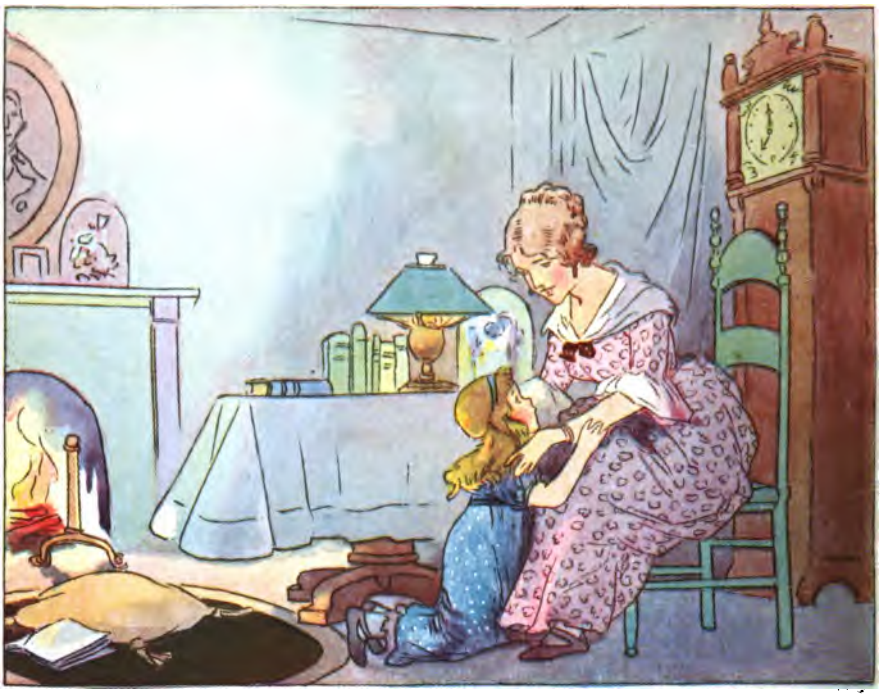
"See what?" Elsie May asked.

"Why, it is as plain as a black hole on a dark night," the cricket chirped.

"I really do not believe you can be serious," Elsie May exclaimed, "but I like you just the same."

"I see I shall have to explain in a very simple manner what any tiny cricket knows. Our nights are your days and your days are our nights. Your sun is our moon and our moon is your sun. So when you are having moonlight we call that our day. In the cricket language we are having a beautiful moonlit day. The stars are out and it's nearly your midnight."

"Oh, now I see," exclaimed Elsie May, as she clapped her hands.



"I guess the little cheery cricket thought I tried to shoo him away," she said as Mama came into the room, "for he was on my apron just a moment ago."

"I think you have been dreaming, Elsie May, you have made queer little squeaky sounds for the last five minutes," said Mama as she drew Elsie May upon her lap and held her in loving embrace.

"Perhaps I have," Elsie May yawned; "but Mama, did you ever hear a song that goes like this:

Klickity, Klickity, Rickity Ray,
Oh, what a wonderful moonlit day,
The stars are out and it's nearly noon,
The sun is green and so's the moon,
Ray, Rickity, Klickity, Klickity,
Klickity, Klickity, Rickity Ray,
Oh, what a wonderful moonlit day,
The stars are—"

"Wake up little cricket," said Mama as she sat Elsie May up straight and began unbuttoning her shoes. "You fell asleep and forgot to sing the song for me." Elsie May rubbed her eyes and yawned:

"It go-o-o's th-i-s way Mam- "Klickity, Klickity———"

And Mama took Elsie May in her arms and carried her to bed and tucked her all in snugly. "My little cheery cricket," she said, as she kissed the golden head.

The Kind Hearted Ginger Bread Man

A Ginger Bread Man lay in the baking pan with a lot of ginger bread cookies. Grandmother had cut him out and shaped him and given him currants for eyes, a clove for a nose and stuck a little red piece of candy on for his mouth. The oven was very hot but it felt good to the Ginger Bread Man, and although it was dark inside he could see the other cookies out of his currant eyes, when he raised his head and looked about him.

He spoke to the cookies out of his candy mouth but they did not answer him, because they did not have mouths. Finally the oven door was opened and the pan of cookies and Ginger Bread Man were taken from the oven and laid on a clean cloth to cool.

The Ginger Bread Man did not dare raise his head to look around, for he heard Grandmother stirring in the kitchen. When the cookies were cool they were put on a plate and set in the pantry. Then the Ginger Bread Man sat right up straight and looked about him.

After a while there was the patter of little feet and the scraping of a chair and the Ginger Bread Man saw a curly head rise above the shelf on which he lay.

"Hello, Ginger Bread Man," said the Curly Headed Boy.

"Hello yourself!" replied the Ginger Bread Man.

"Grandmother said I should come and get you and eat you," said the Curly Headed Boy, "so I am going to take you out in the garden right now and begin eating you."

"That will be a new experience for me," said the Ginger Bread Man. "I don't remember of ever being eaten before, but if eating me will give you any pleasure, I shall be only too glad to be at your service."

"Shall I begin with your head or your feet, Mr Ginger Bread Man?"

"I really do not know," replied the Ginger Bread Man, "which would be better. Perhaps you have had more experience in eating Ginger Bread Men than I."

So the little Curly Headed Boy bit off the foot of the Ginger Bread Man and ate it.

"How does it taste?" asked the Ginger Bread Man. "It was very good," replied the Curly Headed Boy, as he bit off the other foot of the Ginger Bread Man.

Then the arms of the Ginger Bread Man were eaten and a part of the body.

"Now, good-bye!" said the Curly Headed Boy, "I am going to bite off your head."

"Good-bye," said the Ginger Bread Man, just as the boy bit off his head and ate it.

When he had eaten all the crumbs of the Ginger Bread

Man, the Curly Headed Boy ran into the house and told his grandmother how nice it had been and how happy the Ginger Bread Man had seemed, even though he was being eaten.

"I guess he knew," said Grandmother with a smile, "that he was *made* to be eaten. He was so good hearted, I am sure he did not mind it, especially as it did not hurt him in the least and he knew it gave you pleasure."

"Did it have a heart?" asked the Curly Headed Boy in surprise.

"O yes, indeed," Grandmother replied, "I gave him a fat raisin heart, so you could see he was good hearted. Those who have good hearts," continued Grandmother, "find pleasure in being unselfish. For he who does a kindness to another does a greater kindness to himself."

The Ugly Caterpillar

One day a little fuzzy caterpillar went out for a walk in the garden. Under her arm she carried a little spinning wheel on which her mother had taught her to spin those pretty silk things you sometimes see hanging on trees, called cocoons.

You would think that this little caterpillar would be very happy, because she had such a nice spinning wheel and knew how to make such pretty things with it. But no! She was not happy today because she was short and fat and fuzzy, and people made fun of her looks wherever she went.

It is often that way, for people who can do the prettiest things are not always the prettiest to look at.

As she crawled along in the garden she saw a tall sunflower, and she thought it would be nice to crawl up to the top of that sunflower and sit in the warm sun all day without having to move around to keep out of the shadow.

For she was a wise little caterpillar and she knew that sunflowers always follow the sun, and that all she would have to do would be to sit up on the the sunflower and it would turn her around and keep her in the sunlight all day long.

So she tucked her little spinning wheel under her arm and started to crawl up the stalk, but because she was so fat and fuzzy, she waddled from side to side and she humped her

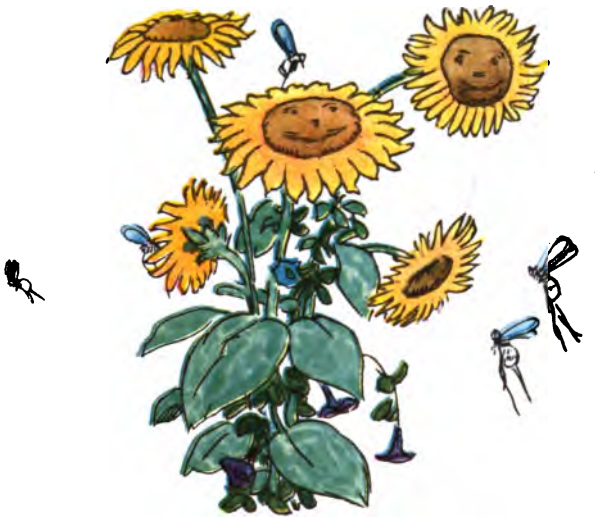
back in such a ridiculous way that all the other people who lived in the garden, such as the birds and the worms and the bugs, burst out laughing at her.

There were a number of Katydids sitting upon a leaf of the sunflower quarreling amongst themselves, and when they saw the caterpillar climbing up the stalk in such a ridiculous way, they all cried out, "Well, will you look at the ugly caterpillar!"

The little caterpillar heard it, and she blushed with shame, because although she knew she was ugly, she did not like to hear people say so.

She stopped halfway up the stalk while the katydids flew around her and made fun of her. "My, what an ugly thing you are, and look at the way you crawl along. Why don't you fly around as we do?"

"And why haven't you pretty wings like we have?" said one. "And why can't you sing like we can?" said another. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be so fuzzy and ugly and useless?" said a third.



Great big tears dropped on the caterpillar's cheek and she turned and sadly climbed down the stalk again.

"I will try another stalk where there are no katydids," she said. But the katydids saw her going up the other stalk, and they flew over to it and said, "Get away, you ugly thing. What do you mean by coming around here trying to associate with us beautiful creatures?"

They jeered and they sneered at the poor little caterpillar, who sorrowfully turned around and slowly climbed down the stalk.

"Oh, why wasn't I made beautiful like the katydids?" she said to herself. "Why haven't I got a beautiful voice and beautiful wings so I can fly instead of dragging myself along the ground and humping my back so that everybody laughs at me and calls me ugly?"

While she was saying this, she crawled along the garden till she came to a large tree. "I hope there are no katydids in this tree!" and she took a firm hold on her little spinning wheel and started up the trunk.

"I am going to climb up to the top of this tree and spin a nice little house and bed for myself."

She started climbing. It was a long hard climb, but finally she got to a great big limb, and under one of the largest leaves she set up her spinning wheel and spun for herself a cocoon house made of the softest silk, and inside of it she made a warm little bed with silken covers.

When all was finished, the ugly fuzzy caterpillar went inside and spun a silk door over the opening, so that the katydids couldn't come in and poke fun at her.

Then the ugly little caterpillar took off her shoes and stockings and curled up in her little silken bed, and in a little while she fell asleep.

She slept for months and months. The Sun traveled farther to the South each day and the cold winds swayed the branches of the tree and rocked the caterpillar into a deeper sleep.

When Jack Frost came he coated the little silken house with sparkling frost and nipped the heels of the katydids so that their voices were very hoarse and they were compelled to seek shelter in chinks of logs, where Jack Frost could not find them.

When the Winter had passed and Spring with her warm sunshine and rumbling showers had opened the buds of the

tree and called forth the tiny flowers, the caterpillar still slept, and as the days grew warmer and the birds sang sweeter, she had a wonderful dream.

She dreamed that a tiny fairy came and woke her with a touch of her golden wand. The fairy was all white and beautiful, and the ugly little caterpillar was dazzled.

"What do you wish for most?" said the good fairy. And the ugly little caterpillar thinking of the way everybody jeered and sneered at her and made fun of her ridiculous walk, said, "I should like to be a beautiful creature with wonderful wings like the rainbow, so I could fly everywhere and people would cry out, 'Oh, look at the beautiful caterpillar!' "

And the fairy smiled and said, "Very well, you shall have your wish." And she seemed to fade away.

The caterpillar awoke, rubbed her eyes and looked all around her.

"Dear me," she said to herself, "it was only a dream, but what a beautiful dream it was." And she rose and went to the door and strangely enough, it was open as if a really truly fairy had been in and forgot to shut the door on her way out.

The caterpillar went out on the leaf and the katydids were sitting there quarreling just as before; but as soon as they saw her, they became silent.

"Now, they will begin to make fun of me," said the caterpillar; but how surprised she was when the katydids bowed to her and whispered to themselves so loud that the caterpillar could hear, "Oh, what a beautiful creature!"

The caterpillar looked around to see whom they meant. "They surely can't mean me," said the caterpillar, "for no one was ever so ugly as I am."

But when she turned her head, she was surprised to find that while she slept she had grown two wonderful wings, beautiful as rainbows, and that she was an ugly caterpillar no longer, but a beautiful butterfly.

Her dream had come true!

"Isn't she beautiful?" said the katydids. And the beautiful butterfly which was once an ugly caterpillar lifted her head proudly and waved her wings.

And lo! When she waved her wings, she rose and flew out into the air.

"I can fly! I can fly!" cried the butterfly. "I will never have to crawl around on the ground and hump my back in the ridiculous way I did when I was an ugly caterpillar."

The katydids saw her flying gloriously around, and they all cried out, "Oh, let us make her our queen." And they came and knelt down before her on the limb of the tree where the butterfly now sat waving her glorious wings.

"You are beautiful," cried the katydids. "Be our Queen!"

But the wonderful butterfly said, "Away, you silly creatures! How dare you even speak to me! When I was an ugly caterpillar, you sneered at me and you made fun of my walk, and you said I was ugly, and you asked me why didn't I fly like you flew. But now since the good fairy has made me beautiful, and given me gorgeous wings with which I can fly higher and swifter than you ever will fly, you come around and try to make friends with me. Be-gone!"

"But we didn't know you would turn into a beautiful butterfly," they protested.

"Of course you didn't," cried the butterfly. "If you had thought so you would have treated me differently and that is the very reason I will not have anything to do with you now. If you could mistreat me when I was an ugly little caterpillar, you would mistreat me again if I were an ugly caterpillar once more, so you cannot be true friends of mine now that I am a beautiful butterfly. Those who cannot be friendly to one who is poor and ugly and meanly clothed, can never be trusted as true friends to the rich and beautiful. Go back where you belong, you false creatures!"

And the beautiful butterfly who had once been an ugly caterpillar, spread her lovely wings and flew far away over the fields and flowers, leaving the katydids to weep because they had not treated her kindly when she was an ugly, fuzzy caterpillar.

Jimmy Crow and the Owls

In a large hole in the bottom of a redwood tree lived an old Grandpa and Grandma owl who had grown so old they could not see at all in the day time and only a little at night.

These two old owls had lived happily together for many years, and their grandsons had fitted up this hole in the redwood tree and made it comfortable for them during their old age. The grandsons had built the home at the foot of the redwood tree because the old owls were no longer able to fly, and each day the young owls would bring food to the back of the redwood tree where the old owls could easily find it.

Some of the younger owls had stretched a string from the hole in the tree to a cool spring. When the old owls wished water they could follow the string to the spring and get back safely to their home in the bottom of the redwood tree. Each old owl had a kettle in which to carry the water.

The two old owls lived happily in their home and took turns doing the work about the place, and there were no disagreements over anything. Grandpa Owl would get the water and build the fire, and Grandma Owl would do the cooking.

The old owls always ate out of one large bowl, always at

the same time and their food was always equally divided.

One day, however, sly old Jimmy Crow who was out searching for food near the cool spring, saw the string and wondered for what it was used; so he followed it until he came to Grandma and Grandpa Owls' home in the hole at the bottom of the redwood tree. There he saw the two old owls asleep. Sly old Jimmy Crow sat down and waited to see what the old owls would do when they awoke. He tossed a few pebbles at them, for he knew that when they opened their eyes they could not see him.

"Let us have dinner," said Grandpa Owl. "I will build a fire and you can prepare the food while I go to the cool spring to fetch the water.

"All right," cheerily agreed Grandma Owl, as Grandpa Owl took up the kettle and went out of the hole in the tree. Jimmy Crow now saw what the string leading to the spring was for, so he untied the end of the string from the reeds near the spring and carried it farther up the bank and fastened it to some bushes.

When the old Grandpa Owl reached the end of the string he stooped to fill the kettle with water, but the kettle struck nothing but dry ground. So he hastened back to the hole in the tree and said, "Oh Grandma, the spring has gone dry, and large bushes are growing where the old reeds once grew."

GRAN'MA
GRANPA OWL

"Pshaw, what nonsense," Grandma Owl cried. "Surely the spring would not dry up in the short time we have been asleep. Let me have the kettle." And she went to the spring and filled the kettle with water, for sly old Jimmy Crow had again fastened the end of the string to its usual place at the spring.

The two old owls came very near quarreling about whether the spring was wet or dry, and had their hunger not been so great and the food nearly cooked they would probably have quarreled about it.

Whenever the two old owls ate, a large bowl was placed between them and each owl took only his or her share; but old Jimmy Crow smelling the food stole softly into the hole in the tree and took four pieces of food from the bowl.

"You must be hungry today," cried Grandma Owl, "for you have eaten your share of the dinner and have also taken part of mine."

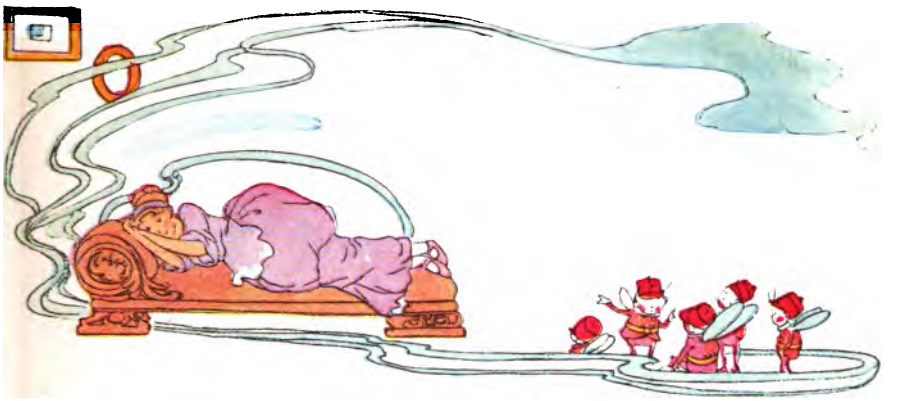
"I have eaten only one piece," Grandpa Owl replied. "You have eaten more than your share."

"I had only one piece," Grandma Owl cried excitedly, and each old owl knowing that it had only one piece thought the other was trying to cheat. So they argued and grew excited. At last, sly old Jimmy Crow tapped each of the owls on the head with his wing. Then the old Grandpa Owl, thinking Grandma Owl had struck him, began to fight, and in the scramble they kicked over the bowl and spilt the two remaining pieces of food.

Sly old Jimmy Crow gobbled up the two pieces of food and laughed so loud at Grandpa and Grandma Owl that they knew *someone* was playing a joke on them. So they fought no more. Sly Jimmy Crow called to them as he left the hole at the bottom of the redwood tree and said:

"O, Grandfather Owl and Grandmother Owl, you see how easily one may be deceived, so let this be a lesson to you. In the future do not find fault with each other but trust each other in the companionship that you have enjoyed for so many years."

So the old Grandfather and Grandmother Owl put their wings around each other, and begged each other's pardon for having mistrusted the other. They never quarreled after that, but lived happily and contented in their home at the bottom of the redwood tree.



The Good Finger Fairies

One day Mama was very tired. She had been working hard all the week, so when Daddy went to work this morning she lay down on the sofa to take a little nap.

"I have so much work to do straightening up," she said. "I will rest a little bit and then I will get up and tidy things. I do hope you children will play quietly and will not disturb me."

Sue, who was eight years old, Timmy, who was six, and Mary Jane four, said "All right, Mama, we will play very quietly and we won't disturb you." So they all sat down on the floor, and as soon as Mama was asleep, Sue got out her book of fairy stories and began reading about little Snow White and the Seven Little Dwarfs.

"———and so little Snow White lived happily ever afterward," read Sue, "in the beautiful castle with Prince Charming, and all of the people loved Snow White very much, for she was as good as she was beautiful, and the little Gnomes came and lived at the Castle with Snow White and the Prince and they were all very happy."

"There!" said Sue, as she closed the book. "That was a nice story. I wish I were a Princess like Snow White!"

"I'd rather be Jack the Giant Killer!" said Timmy, "and

rescue the Princesses from the Giant's castles! I'd have a fiery horse and a sword."

"Wish there were fairies now!" dreamed Sue aloud.

"So do I!" exclaimed Timmy.

Little Mary Jane had been sitting there quietly while Sue read about Snow White and the Dwarfs, and now she sat twisting her chubby little fingers and wiggling her tiny little thumbs. There was sort of a puzzled look on her cunning little face, and she would look at the fingers of first one hand and then the other, not saying a word. But you could see she was thinking. Sue and Timmy watched her for a while wondering what she was doing.

Finally they said, "Mary Jane, what are you looking at your fingers like that for?"

"I was watching the fairies," Mary Jane said.

"Fairies! Why, there aren't any fairies—on your fingers!"

"Yes, there are!" Mary Jane replied. "I have been seeing them for the longest time. Just look!"

Timmy and Sue examined Mary Jane's fingers very carefully, but they couldn't find any fairies on them. "Can't see any," said Timmy.

"Wait a minute!" said Sue. "Look, there is a tiny face on her finger nail."

"Oh, fiddle sticks!" cried Timmy.

"Well, just look for yourself," said Sue. "I can see it plain as day."

Then Timmy looked very closely, and sure enough! On each little finger nail there was a tiny face, and when Mary Jane wiggled her fingers it seemed as if they were bowing and nodding to the children.

"Look! I have one on my thumb," Timmy cried. "And now they are beginning to come on the other fingers."

At this Mary Jane and Sue examined Timmy's fingers, and then Sue looked at her own and exclaimed, "Mine too! They must be little finger fairies. Just look at your own fingers. See! There are the finger fairies just as plain as day!"

Then the children all lay flat upon the floor and put their hands together so they could see each other's fingers, and the faces upon the fingers of all of the children were very distinct —smiling and winking their eyes.

"Let's put our hands all in a row," said Timmy, "and make a parade."

They all placed their hands in a row. The face on the right thumb of Sue's hand seemed to say, "Attention!" And wonderful to behold, all the fingers of all the children's hands stood right up straight.

"Forward, March!" cried Captain Thumb on Sue's hand. With that the finger fairies marched right out to the kitchen, and of course—the children went with them.

When the kitchen was reached, Captain Thumb cried, "To work!"

Immediately Sue's finger fairies filled the tea kettle with water, put it on the stove, took down the dish pan, put warm water in it, and washed the dishes. Timmy's finger fairies rushed to the corner, picked up the broom and tidied up the floor, and then they dusted the furniture, and set everything right.

And while Sue's finger fairies were putting the dishes away and straightening up the pantry, Timmy's finger fairies hurried out to the yard and got out the wood saw and the wood, and sawed a lot of wood for the kitchen stove. Then they brought the wood into the kitchen and piled it up neatly in the corner.

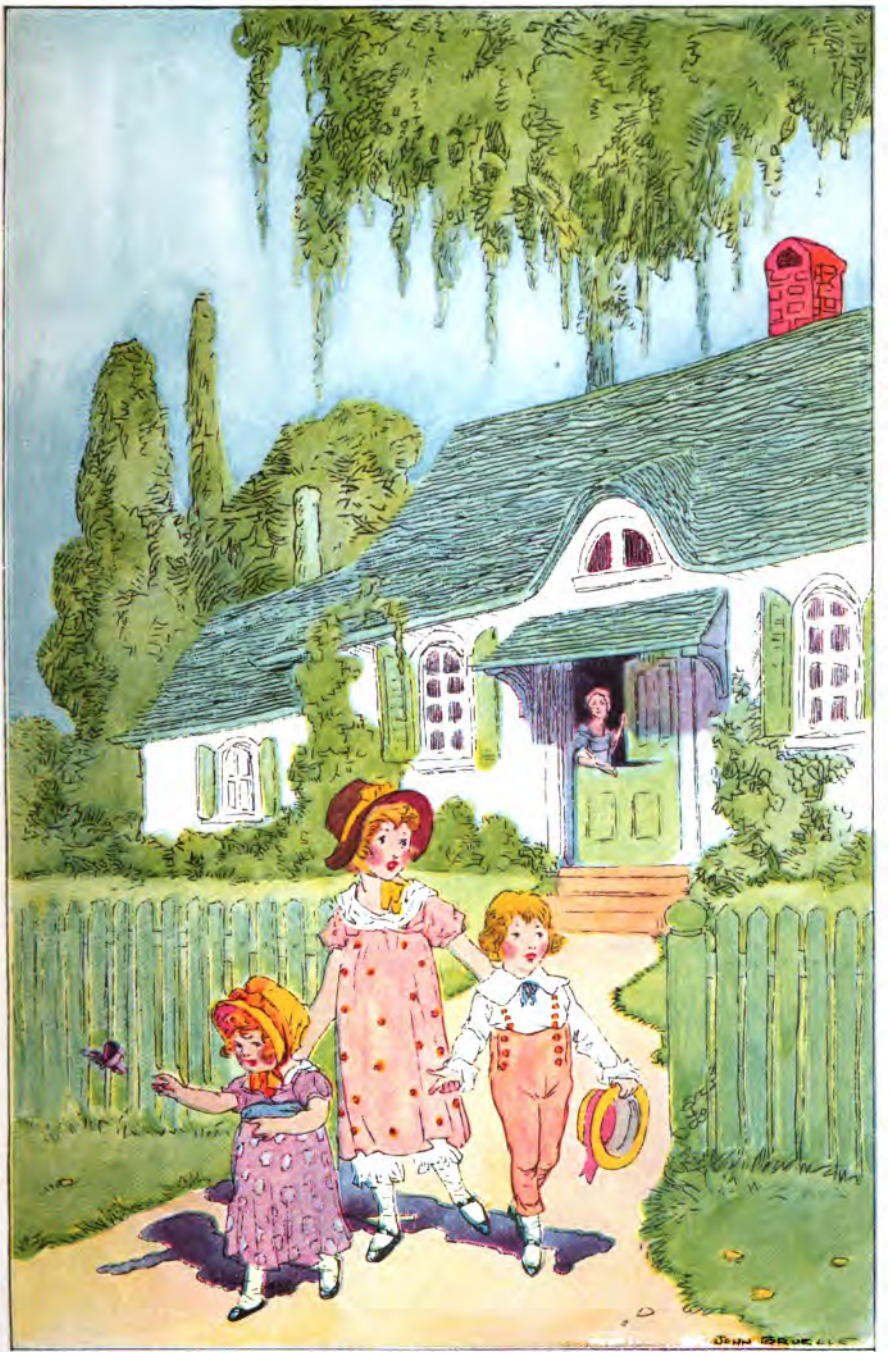
Now little Mary Jane's finger fairies watched all this very carefully, and seemed to whisper among themselves. When they had talked it over quite a while, they all got up and (taking little Mary Jane with them) went into the room where Mama was lying on the sofa taking her nap.

Sue and Timmy hurrying in with a big bouquet of flowers from the garden, heard Mama talking softly to little Mary Jane. Pretty soon Mama came out on the porch with Mary Jane's five little finger fairies holding her by the hand.

"Run along over to Grandma's now," said Mama to Sue and Timmy and Mary Jane, "and while you are gone I will clean up the house."

"All right, Mama," said the children, looking at each other and laughing, for they had a big secret between them.

"Have a good time," said Mama, "and hurry back, for I



feel so much better. I will have all the work done up quickly, and then we can have a nice little lunch."

And the children all looked at each other with twinkling eyes, as much as to say, "Oh, we have a big surprise for Mama."

So they hurried off to Grandma's, and when they came back home at noon they saw Mama sitting on the front porch reading, and Daddy had just come home, and he was talking to her.

"Well, little Mama," he was saying, "I am glad to see you reading and taking your ease. You did the right thing to take my advice and have Sarah Jane come over and do the work for you."

"Oh, but Daddy," she replied, "I didn't do a bit of the work. In fact, I went to sleep, and the first thing I knew I woke up and little Mary Jane was sitting there telling me the greatest lot of things about finger fairies, and how they loved to do all kinds of work for Mama when she is asleep. And sure enough, when I looked about the house I found that all the work had been done up. All the dishes were washed and put away, and all the furniture was dusted and everything was in its place, and there was a great big bouquet of flowers on the mantel-piece."

"Well, well, well!" said Daddy. "Now what do you think of that? I wonder who could have done it?"

"Mary Jane told me that the finger fairies did it, and that she had ten little finger fairies on her hands, and Timmy had ten little finger fairies on his hands, only they were larger than hers, and that Sue had ten finger fairies on her hands which were the largest of all, and that while I was asleep the finger fairies all got busy (they all wanted to do something good, because they were good fairies, you know), and they hurried and scurried about the house and did up all my work for me before I could wake up."

"Is that so?" said Daddy, turning to Sue and Timmy and Mary Jane.

"Yes, Daddy!" Sue cried. "And it was little Mary Jane who discovered the finger fairies. Now that we know who they are and that they love to be useful, we are going to let them work for you and Mama all the time.

Then Mama and Papa caught up little Sue and Timmy and Mary Jane in their arms and told them that the world and everybody in it just loved useful little finger fairies who were eager to do only good and noble things, and that they hoped Sue's little finger fairies and Timmy's little finger fairies and Mary Jane's little finger fairies would always be ready and anxious to be good and useful.

Granny Hawkins

One day Danny walked over to see Granny Hawkins. Granny lived all alone in a little cottage and very few people went to see her because she was so very poor. Danny enjoyed going there for Granny always had a few cookies hidden away in a jar, and could tell the most delightful fairy tales, so Danny was always sure of a welcome and a pleasant time.

This day, however, Granny Hawkins was feeling poorly and could not even leave her armchair to greet him at the door. But her voice was cheery when she called for him to come in, and her smile of welcome was just as pleasant as if she had been in the best of health.

"I guess I am getting old," said Granny Hawkins, "and that is what is the matter with me. I have not cleaned the house for weeks."

Danny said he would get the broom and sweep the floor for Granny, but she told him to pull a stool up near the fire, and she would tell him a story.

Granny had just started one of her beautiful fairy tales, when there was a knock at the door and a little gnome walked in. Both Granny Hawkins and Danny were very much surprised to see a real live gnome, but he walked right up to them at the fireplace.

"I heard you say you were getting too old to do any work," said the gnome, "so I thought I would come and help you."

He pulled a tiny whistle from his pocket, and blew upon it. The old broom behind the door slid out and began sweeping; the pail went out to the well and filled itself with water and came sliding in, followed by a scrubbing brush and a cake of soap. The dust rag hanging behind the kitchen sink came flying in and began dusting the furniture.

As the broom swept the floor, the scrubbing brush dipped itself in the pail of water, ran its bristles over the soap and scrubbed the floor and woodwork.

When the old house had been gone over in this manner, the little gnome whistled again and the scrubbing brush, the pail of water, cake of soap and the broom went back to their original places, and rolls of wall paper came rolling into the room and spread themselves on the floor. Danny and Granny Hawkins gazed open mouthed with astonishment, for in answer to another whistle a pair of shears walked into the room and cut the wall paper to fit, and á dish of paste and a paste brush slid into the room.

The paste brush dipped itself into the paste and pasted the back of the paper. Then the paper slid up on the wall as neat as a paper hanger could place it. Then the little gnome waved his hand towards Granny Hawkins and Danny saw she was changed to a little girl of his own age. She had on a very quaint little dress and poke bonnet and as she looked around her wonderingly, she caught sight of the gnome, and ran to him and threw her arms about him.

"We will have a tea party," she said. "Yes," agreed the little gnome, "just as we did years and years ago, for," he said as he turned to Danny, "Granny Hawkins and I were very dear friends when she was a little girl."

Then Granny Hawkins set the table and they all sat down. The little gnome whistled again and all the dishes sprang from the cupboard and placed themselves before the

JOHN GRUELLE

three friends. There were many good things to eat, and they had a delightful tea party.

"Why is it," asked Granny of the little gnome, "that I have not seen you for so many years?"

"It is because," he answered, "that you did not keep your heart entirely young. I was forgotten as you grew out of childhood. Those who forget the good things they knew as children soon grow old in mind as well as in body. If you really wish to remain as you are," said the gnome, "you must never forget the friends of your childhood. If you wish, I will take you back to the 'Land of Childhood' where you will always remain as you are now, and meet your friends of years ago as they were then."

Of course, Granny was delighted to hear this, so she kissed Danny good-bye and the little gnome shook his hand and they left the house together.

Danny watched them until they disappeared down the path towards the river. Then he went home.

The neighbors never knew where Granny went to, and Danny told his mother of his adventure and told her that he would always remember what the little gnome had told Granny about always keeping young.

The Rubbery Dubbery Smiles

Once there was a queer little old lady, with a wrinkled face and silvery white hair. And she worked charms.

That was why she was a Witchess instead of a Witch.

She wore black rimmed glasses across her nose, for she could not see well without them.

And behind the glasses twinkled two merry little grey eyes, for she was a happy little old lady Witchess.

One day a man from the village passed through the woods where the Witchess lived, and, as he was tired and thirsty, he stopped at her door to rest and ask for a drink.

"Grandmother," he said, as the Witchess answered his knock, "might I trouble you for a gourd of water?"

"Certainly, my dear sir," the Witchess answered, "and you may have food also if you wish it!"

"You are very kind, Grandmother, but I have no money to pay you for the food," he said, as he felt through his empty pockets.

The Witchess turned and winked her cheery eyes at the black cat and made no reply.

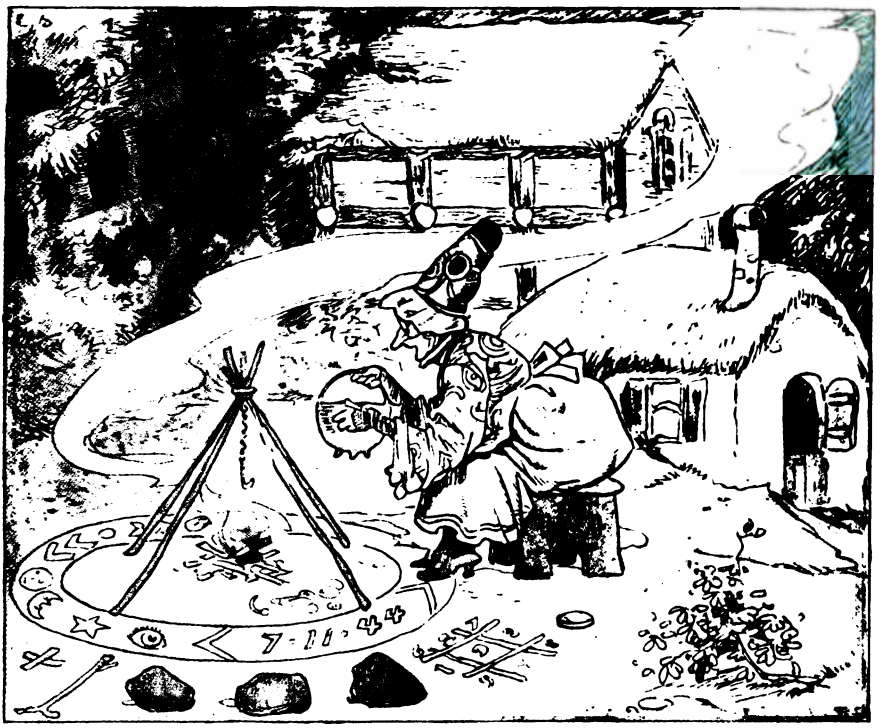
The man felt through all his empty pockets until he came to the one in his waistcoat over his heart, and there he found a purse filled with money.

The Witchess had charmed it there when she turned t wink at the cat. "You dear old Grandmother," laughe the man, as he pulled the purse from his pocket and looke at it. "You must have placed it there, for I had no purs when I started from home!"

The Witchess was always doing kindly things like this fo people.

The man with the purse found out when he returned t the village that whenever he took a coin from the purse th Witchess had given him and helped some poor unfortunat with it, another coin came into the purse to take the plac of the one he had spent so well.

So, all the people in the village learned of the kind Witches and liked her.



One day the Witchess brought her little stewing kettle from the house and built a tiny fire under it, for she wished to experiment with a new charm she had found.

This new charm was a beautiful piece of green glass which she had found near the roadside. So, she placed it with her other charms around the kettle. There was a wire nail, two walnut shells, a white marble, a brass key and a suspender button.

These were the Witchess' charms with which she worked all her good magic. Into the tiny kettle the Witchess then poured a cupful of molasses, a pinch of salt, a stick of chewing gum and a rubber band.

Then the Witchess stirred it with a crooked stick and sang a queer song, as she walked around the fire.

Soon the mixture began to boil and bubble, and the steam rose and floated away.

A party of people riding through the forest smelled the magic stew and stopped to inquire what it might be. They rapped loudly at the Witchess' door just as the magic stew was finished.

The Witchess ran around the house to see what it might be and, when she saw it was the King and his courtiers, she felt very pleased that they had stopped at her tiny home.

After she had greeted the King he asked her what she was cooking that smelled so good. "It smells like molasses candy!" laughed the King.

"I am making some Rubbery Dubbery Smiles, Mr. King!" the Witchess replied, bowing to the ground.

"I must see them, Grandmother!" cried the King, as he dismounted and started around the house, followed by the Witchess and all of his courtiers.

But, when they came to the tiny kettle, they found that the magic smile broth had burnt while the Witchess was away and the Rubbery Dubbery Smiles had turned to Frowns and had jumped from the kettle and flown away through the forest.

The kindly Witchess was sorry and told the King that if he would return the next day she would make another stew of smiles, very Rubbery Dubbery ones, and that he might have one for his very own.

"I do not know where the ones I had in the kettle have disappeared to," she said. "And as they burnt, I must clean the kettle very well, and that will take me all day!"

"We will be back tomorrow!" the King laughed, as he and his courtiers rode away through the forest.

The Witchess put out the fire and started cleaning her tiny kettle. For she wished always to keep the Rubbery Dubbery Smiles on hand to give to people who needed them very much.

When the King and his courtiers rode through the Castle gate and dismounted, the grooms who ran out to hold the horses all had Frowns on their faces. But the King and

his courtiers had enjoyed their ride so much and were so busy laughing and talking, they did not notice how glum the grooms were.

When the King walked into the Castle and met the Queen and put his arms around her, he saw that her pretty face was all wrinkled into a Frown. "What is the trouble?" asked the King as he stopped smiling. "Don't you feel well?"

"Just wait until you go into the audience room!" the Queen said.

So, the King hastened into the audience room and saw all of his ministers and generals seated at a long table, and with them were many strange men.

And all their faces were pulled down into ugly Frowns.

"What can be the trouble?" asked the King as he put on his crown and took his seat upon the throne.

"We do not know!" cried the King's prime minister. "At least we are not quite sure! These men are from the kingdom of Happy Glenn and have come upon a mission to Pleasant Land. While we were all chatting a few moments ago they became silent and their faces grew dark with Frowns and, as we have done our best to entertain them, we have just about lost our tempers!" And the King's prime minister had to bite his lip to keep from saying more.

At this one of the strange men arose and frowned at the King and frowned at the Queen and frowned at every one else about the room.

Now it happened that when the magic stew of the Rubbery Dubbery Smiles had burnt and turned into Frowns and blown away, the wind was blowing toward the King's Castle and had carried them right into the room where these men were sitting, and the Frowns had settled upon their faces and upon the face of the Queen.

All the Frowns except one, and the man who had just risen from his chair had been sitting upon that one.

So, when he got up, the Rubbery Dubbery Frown blew from the chair and settled upon the laughing face of the King and his face grew dark.

"We will have war!" said the strange man in a loud voice.

"Then we will have war!" cried the King, and all the ministers and generals, and their faces were all wrinkled with Frowns.

The strange men all frowned darkly and drawing their swords cried, "War! War! War!" And the King's generals drew their swords and, frowning darkly, cried, "War! War! War!" And they would have fought, but the courtiers who did not have the Rubbery Dubbery Frowns upon their faces, rushed between the men.

So, the strange men left without bowing to the King or Queen, nor did the King or Queen bow to them.

When the men from Happy Glenn left the King's Castle, they frowned at everything they met and when they came

to the Witchess' house they found her making more Rubbery Dubbery Smiles and they frowned at her.

And the King and all his ministers and all the generals followed the men from Happy Glenn and, when they frowned at the Witchess, the King and his followers frowned too.

The Witchess knew in a moment just what the trouble was, so she took the new Rubbery Dubbery Smiles from the tiny kettle and threw them up in the air.

And then the new Rubbery Dubbery Smiles flew from the kettle and settled upon the frowning faces of the strange men from Happy Glenn and upon the faces of the King and his followers from Pleasant Land, and covered up the Rubbery Dubbery Frowns, so that every one had a cheery smile upon his face.

And the men from Happy Glenn smiled at the King and said "Hello!" in a cheery manner, and the King and his followers said "Hello!" to the Happy Glenn men in a cheery manner, and they all shook hands.

"We were on our way to your Castle to ask all of you to come to the wedding of the Princess of Happy Glenn," the strange men said to the King.

"We shall be delighted to come!" answered the smiling King and his followers. So they all rode back to the King's Castle to wait until the King put on his party clothes.

And when the King went in and told his Queen of the kind invitation, she still wore the Rubbery Dubbery Frown and said that she would not go, for she still remembered the Frowns of the strange men.

So, the King thought a moment, and then told the people to wait. The King ran from the Castle and rode to the house of the Witchess as fast as he could go.

"Grandmother, have you any of your Rubbery Dubbery Smiles left?" he cried as he ran up to the Witchess.

"I am afraid not," she said, "for I threw them all up in the air when you were here before."

But the Witchess went to her tiny kettle and looked, and there sticking in the bottom was one Rubbery Dubbery Smile.

The King was very glad to get it, and he hopped upon his horse and took the Rubbery Dubbery Smile to the Queen, and the Frown left her right away.

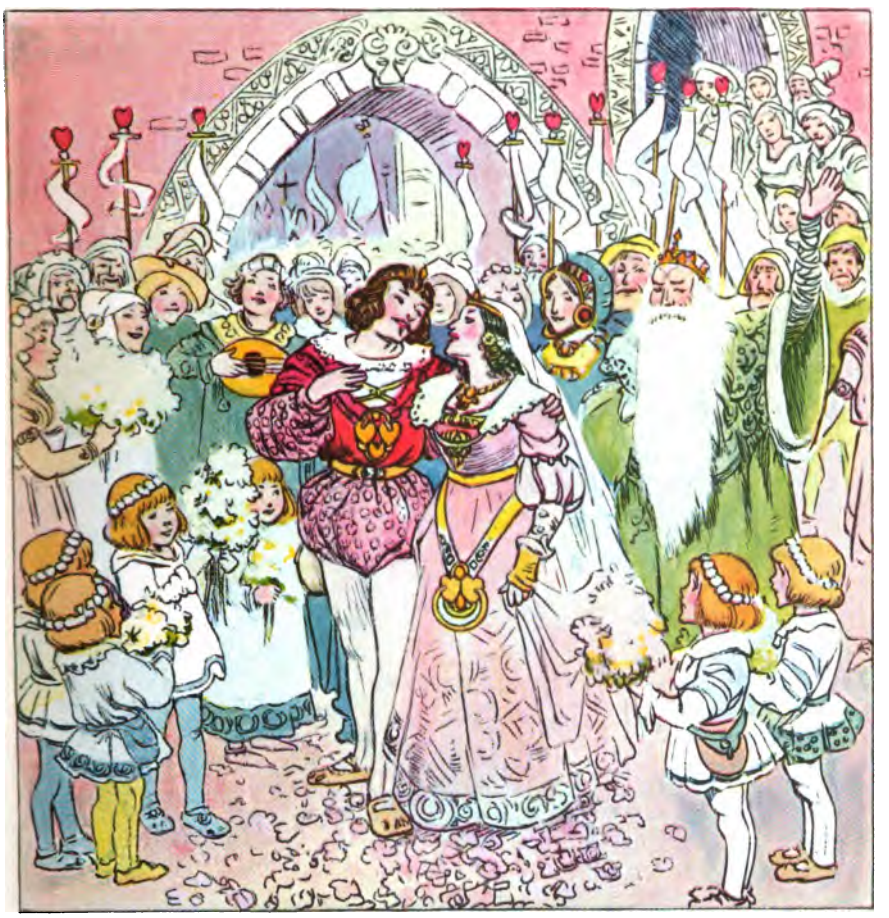
When the King and his Queen and all the courtiers and all the ministers and all the generals and all the strange men left the King's Castle on their way to Happy Glenn to the wedding of the beautiful Princess, they passed through the woods where the Witchess lived. And, when they saw the Witchess standing at her front door, they all gave three cheers in her honor, and the man from Happy Glenn said she must accept a very special invitation to go with them to the wedding of the beautiful Princess.

And the Queen asked the Witchess to ride in the carriage with her, and the Witchess' grey eyes twinkled merrily as she stepped into the royal carriage.

So, everybody went to the wedding of the beautiful Princess of Happy Glenn, and the Witchess made lots and lots of cheery Rubbery Dubbery Smiles while she was there, so there would always be plenty of new smiles when the old ones wore out.

And, after the wedding of the beautiful Princess of Happy Glenn, the King and his Queen loved the Witchess so much they coaxed her to live with them at their Castle.

"There is a secret to making the Rubbery Dubbery Smiles," said the Witchess one day. "But ordinary every day cheery smiles are easily made. The only magic required is the magic in a loving kiss, and everyone has this magic. So if anyone sees a frown upon the face of a little boy or girl, all she has to do is place a cheery, smiley, loving kiss right on top of the frown, and the frown always leaves and a smile takes its place."



Uncle Clem

Uncle Clem felt the disgrace keenly. Not that Uncle Clem was exceedingly proud, but one hates to be humiliated before one's friends.

Uncle Clem's eyes blazed fiercely, if you call the shine of two shoe buttons "blazing." (For Uncle Clem's eyes were nothing more than shoe buttons.) And, although he said never a word, the other dolls knew that Uncle Clem was thinking mighty thoughts 'way back in his sawdust head.

Only that very morning, Uncle Clem was dressed in his Highland costume, the same costume he wore when Santa Claus brought him to Marcella's home.

To be sure, it was a trifle mussed and soiled, but there were no holes in his kiltie and his little Scotch cap sat as jauntily on his head as it did the night Santa placed him by the chimney.

Then, when Marcella turned her head to another member of her family, the Kitten reached over and gave Uncle Clem a box on the ear and upset him. Yes sir! And all the other dolls looking on!

Just then who should call but Mama; and Marcella had to go downstairs.

Uncle Clem raised up and told the Kitten that she was very rude and that she should be taught better manners. But the Kitten only cuffed Uncle Clem on the other ear, which sent him over on his side, for the Kitten did not understand Uncle Clem's language.

When Uncle Clem's head hit the floor with a soft sawdusty bump, Fritzie raised one ear and opened one eye. The Kitten was enjoying herself too much for Fritzie's peace of mind, so he bounded out of his basket with a bark and grabbed Uncle Clem by the legs. My, how Uncle Clem's head hit the floor as Fritzie shook him up! Bumpity Bump!

The Kitten went scurrying out of the room, for Uncle Clem's sawdust was flying in all directions.

Of course it did not hurt Uncle Clem even a little bit, for Santa takes good care to free all his dolls from pain before he leaves them on Christmas night, but it was a very humiliating experience for Uncle Clem and he did not like it.

Fritzie was having the best time of his young life, when Marcella, hearing his growls, ran upstairs to see what was the matter. Fritzie immediately ran to his basket, for Marcella told him he was very, very naughty.

Poor Uncle Clem! His kiltie was hanging in threads and his face was very dirty. His hat was gone and his legs were twisted. He was very angry at Fritzie, but he still wore his smile, for it was sewn on with brown yarn.

Fritzie, from his basket, rolled up his eyes at his mistress and looked as though he felt sorry. This did not help matters with Uncle Clem.

His kiltie was ruined and it was taken off.

He was given a Buster Brown coat from one of the other dolls, and it was so small it hardly reached below his waist and the sleeves came above his elbows.

Then Marcella put one of the doll's lace bonnets on Uncle Clem's head and placed him on a chair, right in front of all the other dolls.

Then, taking Fritzie under her arm, Marcella went down stairs with Uncle Clem's torn kiltie to tell Mama all about it.

My, how the dolls laughed and giggled, now that Marcella was not in the room!

They called Uncle Clem's sister and one of the boy dolls, a German boy with blue glass eyes and chamois skin body, who would say "Mama" when he was tilted backward and forward, whispered to another boy doll, "Isn't her bonnet becoming?"

Uncle Clem never said a word, but he felt his disgrace keenly.

Soon Marcella came back upstairs and took Uncle Clem away.

He was very thankful to escape the stares of the other dolls.

The dolls missed him very much in the two nights and two days Uncle Clem was away, for he was the only man doll in the Nursery, and his mustache always curled up in a pleasant smile to calm their fears when mice came into the room at night to play.

On the third day, just after Papa came home at noon and lunch had been eaten, Marcella came up to the nursery with a new doll. She showed it to Fritzie and then gave him a little cuff, saying: "Now, you naughty puppy, if you spoil this one I shall put you out into the street where the dog catchers will get you!"

Fritzie wiggled his tail and blinked his eyes as if to say he would be good after such a threat.

Marcella played with the new doll all that afternoon and the rest of the dolls were very curious, but they never even once turned their heads in order to see the new arrival, and it just happened that they were in such positions they could not see without being turned around.

That night when Marcella closed the nursery door and bid them "Good night," her footsteps had hardly died away before all the dolls' heads twisted around in the direction of the new comer.

As they looked, he raised himself from the doll's chair in which Marcella had placed him, and they saw that he was a policeman.

Upon his pretty blue suit were many shiny brass buttons and on his breast a nickel-plated star. He had a lovely blue helmet on his head and it, too, had a shiny star upon it.

His blue pants had vermillion stripes on the outer side of each leg and in his right hand he carried a policeman's stick.

As he approached the group of dolls he called "hello" and spoke their names.

They were all very much surprised until he came close. Then they saw it was Uncle Clem.

The little German boy was so startled he fell over backward and said "MAMA!" But Uncle Clem lifted him to his feet and told them that he had forgotten all the past and felt no ill will toward any of them.

"For," said Uncle Clem, "we have to live together and we should all do our best to make each other happy! Why, I do not even feel hard toward Fritzie, or the Kitten, and from now on I shall look at life in a different manner!" And the dolls all noticed then why Uncle Clem seemed different.

He had two new lovely blue glass eyes in place of the shoe buttons he had worn before.

The Happy Story

Once near the Tinkling Brook, where the water swirled into deep pools, a tiny little Sprite sat upon a stone, watching the speckled trout in the water.

And, as he sat there with nothing to do, he reached into the water and caught a Pussy Willow blossom as it floated near him.

Then using this as a pillow, the tiny little Sprite lay back and crossed one fairy leg over another and gazed up at the bushes above him.

And there he saw hundreds and hundreds of fuzzy Pussy Willow blossoms.

"How soft and downy they are, to be sure!" he mused.

Then a thought came to him and he climbed a branch and picked three of the Pussy Willow blossoms, and placed them before him on the stone and started to sing.

And, as he sang, the little gray Pussy Willow blossoms each grew four little legs and two little ears and a little pink nose and two merry little black eyes, till all at once they became fuzzy Baby Field Mice.

The tiny little Sprite caught the Baby Field Mice in his arms and flew with them to the Field Mouse's home and placed them in a nice soft bed. And that is where Mama

and Daddy Field Mouse found them when they returned from the grocery.

And, when they found the fuzzy little gray babies, they were very happy and they ran from the house and told Granny Cricket.

And Granny Cricket said, "My dears, your happiness makes me very happy. So I shall play my little fiddle!"

And Granny Cricket pulled her fiddle from under her shawl and went down the road playing a joyous tune. When Granny Cricket came to the home of Thomas Toad he came running out to meet her. "Why do you play such a joyous tune, Granny Cricket?" he asked.

"Because Mama and Daddy Field Mouse have three new babies!" said Granny Cricket.

"Their happiness makes me happy!" cried Thomas Toad, "so I shall beat my little drum!"

And he went down the road with Granny Cricket, beating his little drum.

When they came to the home of Bertha Bumblebee, she asked them why they were so happy, and they told her of the new Field Mice babies. "Their happiness makes me happy!" said Bertha Bumblebee, "so I will hum-m-m-m!"

And she went down the road with Granny Cricket and Thomas Toad, and they fiddled and drummed and hummed until they came to the home of Catherine Catbird and told her why they were so happy.

"The Field Mice have three new Baby Field Mice, all new and fuzzy and gray, and as soft as velvet, with merry little eyes; and Mama and Daddy Field Mouse are very happy!"

"Their happiness makes me happy!" said Catherine Catbird, "so I shall Meow! ow! ow! ow!"

So Catherine Catbird went down the road with Granny Cricket and Thomas Toad and Bertha Bumblebee, and they fiddled and drummed and hummed and meowed, until they came to the brook and saw the little Sprite lying upon a stone watching the speckled trout in the cool green waters.

And the tiny little Sprite asked them why they fiddled and drummed and hummed and meowed. And Granny Cricket told him.

"The Field Mice have three new babies so fuzzy and little and soft as velvet, with tiny black eyes and pink noses and Mama and Daddy Field Mouse are so happy it makes us happy; and that is why we fiddle and drum and hum and meow!"

And the tiny little Sprite said, "It was I who brought the Baby Field Mice to Daddy and Mama Field Mouse, but I did not know that by so doing I would start so much happiness. Their happiness makes me very happy, so I shall——"

"Fiddle?" asked Granny Cricket.

"No!" replied the tiny little Sprite.

"Drum?" asked Thomas Toad.

"No!" replied the tiny little Sprite.

"Hum?" asked Bertha Bumblebee.

"No!" replied the tiny little Sprite.

"Meow?" asked Catherine Catbird.

"No!" replied the tiny little Sprite.

"What will you do then?" asked the four happy creatures.

"I shall laugh!" the tiny little Sprite answered, "and try to think up another way of starting so much happiness down the road!"

And with this he kicked his tiny fairy heels in the air and flew laughing across the fields, leaving Granny Cricket, Thomas Toad, Bertha Bumblebee and Catherine Catbird to walk down the road fiddling, drumming, humming and meowing, with their hearts full of happiness because of the happiness that came to their friends, the Field Mice.

The Quarrel of The Winds

One night when all the children had snuggled into their little white beds and Mama and Daddy were fast asleep, too, the North Wind sailed over the earth in his large Cloud Ship.

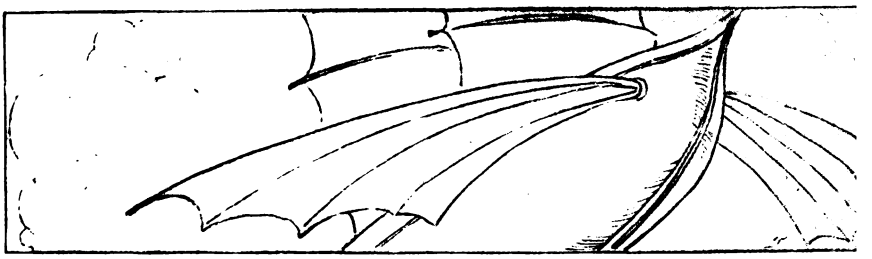
And, as he sailed along, he sang loudly, and all the little winds that followed in the wake of the Cloud Ship whistled as they swung around the house corners and down the chimneys.

The South Wind also sailed above the earth on this same night in his large Cloud Ship. As he sailed along, he sang softly to himself and his followers, the gentle little breezes, flew close to the Cloud Ship and whispered to each other. When the North Wind saw the South Wind he shouted across the sky, "Ho, my little weak brother! Why do you sail your Ship across my path?"

"I do not sail my Ship across your path!" cried the South Wind. "I have sailed along this path for years and years and it is not your path!"

"We will see about that!" the angry North Wind howled, as he leaped to the Cloud Ship of his brother, the South Wind.

The South Wind grew angry at this and tried to throw the North Wind from the Cloud Ship, but the North Wind was too strong, and after wrestling and pulling and pushing and



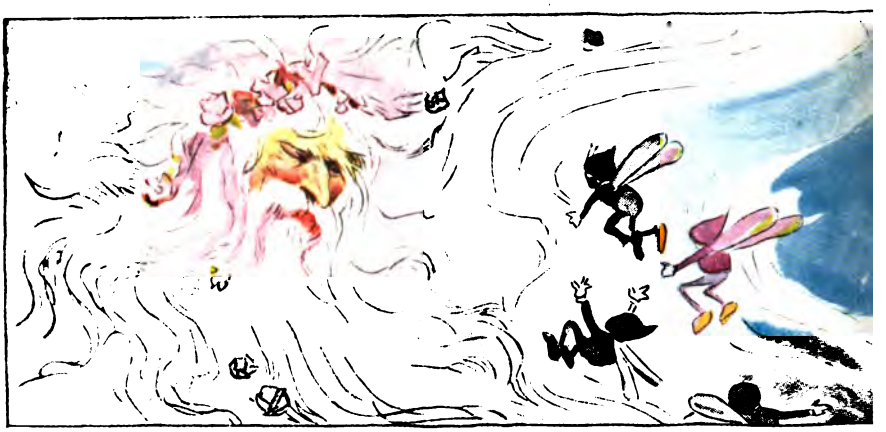
howling, the South Wind was finally thrown from his Clou Ship down towards the earth, and with him went all the gentl little breezes.

Then the North Wind blew the South Wind's Cloud Shi into a thousand bits, and the little winds caught the tiny bit of clouds and tossed them back and forth until the littl moist clouds were changed to beautiful crosses and stars tha fell towards the earth as snow.

As the North Wind watched his little winds destroy th Cloud Ship, he sang loudly, for he thought he had defeate the gentle South Wind.

But the South Wind and his followers, the gentle littl breezes, could see what was being done above them, and, a the boisterous North Wind sailed away and the tiny snow pieces of the Cloud Ship drifted towards the earth, the Sout Wind sang very softly to himself and told the gentle littl breezes to catch the tiny snow pieces.

And, when the gentle little breezes caught the tiny snow pieces of the Cloud Ship, they changed them from cold snow flakes into warm drops of rain, so that they pattered upo the roof tops and the fields; and, sinking into the earth wher the ground was cold, they warmed the tiny flowers and awaker ed them from their Winter's sleep.



When the gentle South Wind heard from the little breeze that the flowers were awake, he rolled the mists together an made another Cloud Ship. But this Cloud Ship was big an black. And he sailed after the North Wind. And as h sailed after the North Wind, the South Wind called to hi aid the West Wind, with his thunder and lightning, an together they chased the North Wind away up to the Nortl Pole, where he really belonged. Then the thunder and th lightning shook the earth so it trembled, and the tiny flower lifted their heads from the cracks in the ground and caugh the first rain drops that fell to the earth. And Daddy an Mama and the children heard the thunder and said, "A thunder shower! Spring must be here!" And they were glac that the Winter was over.

And the little frogs came from their hiding places down in the earth and rattled their little drums, and sang "Spring is here! Spring is here!" And the tiny insects rubbed their eyes and crept from their little silken houses and tuned their fairy fiddles.

So, when the night rolled by and the Golden Sun shone down upon the earth, everything was joyous, for it was the first Spring morning.

And the quarrel of the winds was over.

The Mole Hill at Menemshia Creek

"Please do not step upon my hallway!" Grandpa Mole cried.

Hilda looked all about her to see who had spoken to her in such a squeaky voice, and finally saw Grandpa sitting upon a tiny knoll.

Grandpa Mole had one knee crossed over the other and was smoking a long pipe. He had blue spectacles upon his nose, too, and wore a funny old coat all faded gray.

"Please excuse me!" Hilda said as she sat down close to Grandpa and smoothed her apron.

"I've heard my grandfather tell all about it!" Grandpa Mole said in a sleepy tone. "He used to tell us how the old, old wise Mole changed every one back to their own shapes again with his magic buttons."

Hilda could not imagine what Grandpa Mole was talking about, so she asked him all about it.

"That's so!" Grandpa Mole exclaimed. "How silly of me. I shall have to tell you!

"A long time ago," Grandpa Mole went on, "all of the Moles lived upon the top of that high hill over near Menemshia Creek and they were happy and contented, for no one disturbed them nor did they bother about troubling others—

until one day.

"This day all the Moles were having a picnic and the tiny boy Moles were running races with the tiny girl Moles and the Grandpa Moles were telling tales of adventure to the lady Moles and the Grandma Moles were knitting and listening.

"And there they were when they first heard the sound.

"It went, Clomp, Chuck, CLOMP CHUCK! CLOMP CHUCK! faint at first, then growing louder until it sounded like thunder."

"What could it have been?" Hilda wondered.

"That is just what all the Moles asked each other," Grandpa Mole continued, "but they soon discovered that it was something that would do them no good."

Then, after Grandpa Mole had wiped his glasses and relighted his pipe, he said, "It was a man!

"The first man that any of the Moles had ever seen, for they had always lived upon the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek and no one had ever disturbed them before."

"The tiny Moles stopped playing, and the Grandpa Moles stopped telling their tales of adventure, and the Granny Moles stopped knitting, and all the Moles watched the man as he climbed the hill at Menemshia Creek.

"And as he climbed the hill at Menemshia Creek the Moles saw that one of his feet made the noise 'CLOMP!' and a long stick he had in his hand made the noise 'CHUCK!' as he struck it upon the ground to assist him in climbing the hill at Menemshia Creek.

"And before the Moles knew what had happened, most of them were gathered up and tumbled into a large sack; then the man swung the sack over his shoulder and the Moles that were left heard him go back down the hill at Menemshia Creek: CLOMP! CHUCK! CLOMP! CHUCK! Clomp! Chuck! until he passed out of hearing.

"Then the Grandpa Moles began calling to their Granny Moles, and the tiny Moles began calling to their Mama Moles, and the Daddy Moles began calling to the tiny Moles, and

all discovered that the man had carried off most of the Mole family."

"So one old Grandpa Mole who was so old and wise, said: 'Perhaps he will bring our Grannys and Mamas and Daddies back tomorrow;' but the next day they heard the CLOMP CHUCK! noise again, and the man came back up the hill at Menemshia Creek and filled his sack again with the Moles and went down the hill again.

"Then there were only a few Moles left upon the hill at Menemshia Creek, and they were very sad. 'He is a mean man!' the Moles that were left said. 'We have lived for ages upon the hill here at Menemshia Creek and we have never disturbed anyone. Why should this man take away our dear children and Mamas and Daddies and Grannys and Grandpas?'"

"Why did the man take them away?" Hilda asked.

"The Moles were not disturbed again for five or six days," Grandpa Mole continued, as if he had not heard Hilda's question; and then the Moles that were left heard the man again climbing the hill at Menemshia Creek—Clomp! Chuck! Clomp! Chuck! CLOMP! CHUCK! And as they looked they saw that he was wearing a cloak made of the coats of the Grannys and Grandpas and Mamas and Daddies and the children Moles!

"So one old Grandpa Mole, who was very old and very wise, went into his house and brought out his magic buttons and placed them all in a row.

"And the magic buttons moved into queer formations and the old, old wise Grandpa Mole understood what the buttons meant, and he called to all the Moles that were left upon the hill at Menemshia Creek and placed them at work. So that when the man had reached the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek, the Moles had burrowed under the grass and there was a deep hole with only a thin layer of grass over the top. And when the man with the Mole-skin cloak stepped upon the place, he fell into the hole and could not climb out.

"Then the old, old wise Grandpa Mole again placed his magic buttons in a row and they moved about in strange formation and the old, old wise Grandpa Mole knew what the buttons meant.

"So the old, old wise Grandpa Mole told all the Moles that were left to gather Hornbeam sticks and gather around the hole at the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek; and when they were all about the hole at the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek, the Moles that were left rubbed the sticks of Hornbeam together, and the dust from the Hornbeam sticks fell upon the Moles' skin cloak; and the Grandpa Moles and the Granny Moles and the Daddy Moles and the Mama Moles and all the children Moles whose coats had been used by the man to make his cloak, came to life again, and they ran over the wicked man's face and hands and bit his toes until he was very sorry that he had made a Mole-skin cloak; and he said that he would NEVER, NEVER do it again!

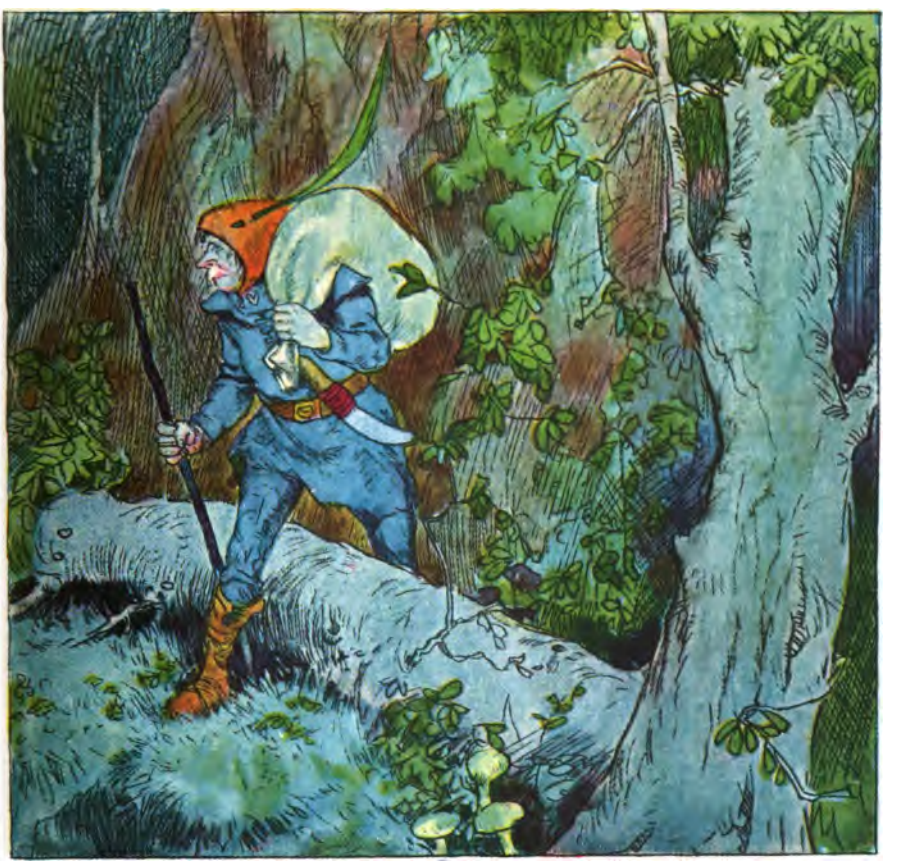
"So the old, old wise Grandpa Mole threw his magic buttons into the hole at the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek, and the Moles who had been on the cloak climbed from the hole and the wicked man climbed from the hole."

And Grandpa Mole chuckled so much to himself he shook his pipe from his mouth and his blue glasses slipped from his nose.

"And when the wicked man climbed from the hole at the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek he went down the hill CLUMPITY! CLUMPITY! Clumpity! and his feet only hit the earth every twenty feet he ran so fast. And all the Moles shouted for him to run faster, but he was running faster than he had ever run before, so he could not take their advice."

And then Grandpa Mole chuckled again so long and hard he began coughing, and Hilda patted him upon the back to make him stop and wiped his eyes with her handkerchief.

"And, yes sir, my dear, if you wish to see for yourself," Grandpa Mole said, "you can see the wicked man's footprints still in the rock at the top of the hill at Menemshia Creek."



The Discontented King

Once there was a King who was never satisfied with anything.

He was just like some boys and girls.

He had everything that he could wish for and he worried everyone about the court making them think up new things for him to wish for.

He had so many things already he could think of nothing more, so one day he called to his Wise Men to come into his room.

"I command you to think of something new!" he cried to them, "and unless you can think of something new I will make you leave the country."

The Wise Men knew the King would do just as he said if they did not obey his commands, and they were very uneasy.

And as soon as they had left the King they shook their heads and wiped their glasses. They had tried and tried their best to think of something all morning, for they knew the King would send for them.

"Let's see!" said one, "can't we think of something to eat?"

"That will never do!" another cried, "for the King eats so much that he has tried everything; so I am sure he will

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turn up his nose at anything to eat!"

"Yes, that is true!" another Wise Man said, "it cannot be food. Can it be clothes?"

"Oh dear no!" all the rest cried. "He has more clothes than he can wear if he spends all his time changing! It must be something else!"

"If he realized what a hard time it is thinking of new things for him he would not ask us," grumbled one Wise Man.

"That is just the trouble!" cried another Wise Man. "The King does not consider that there is anyone else in the world with feelings, for if he could occasionally put himself in another's place, he would realize what a delightful time he is having now!"

"I wish he could be a Wise Man for three or four days and have some old fat fussy King to make him think and think of something new all the time."

"Well, we are getting no closer to the point," one Wise Man finally cried. "We had better pack up our belongings and start to leave the country now! We can think of nothing new."

So the Wise Men went to their homes to pack up their things, and while one of the Wise Men was tying up the last bundle his wife came in from the neighbor's.

"What in the world are you doing, Thadius?" she exclaimed.

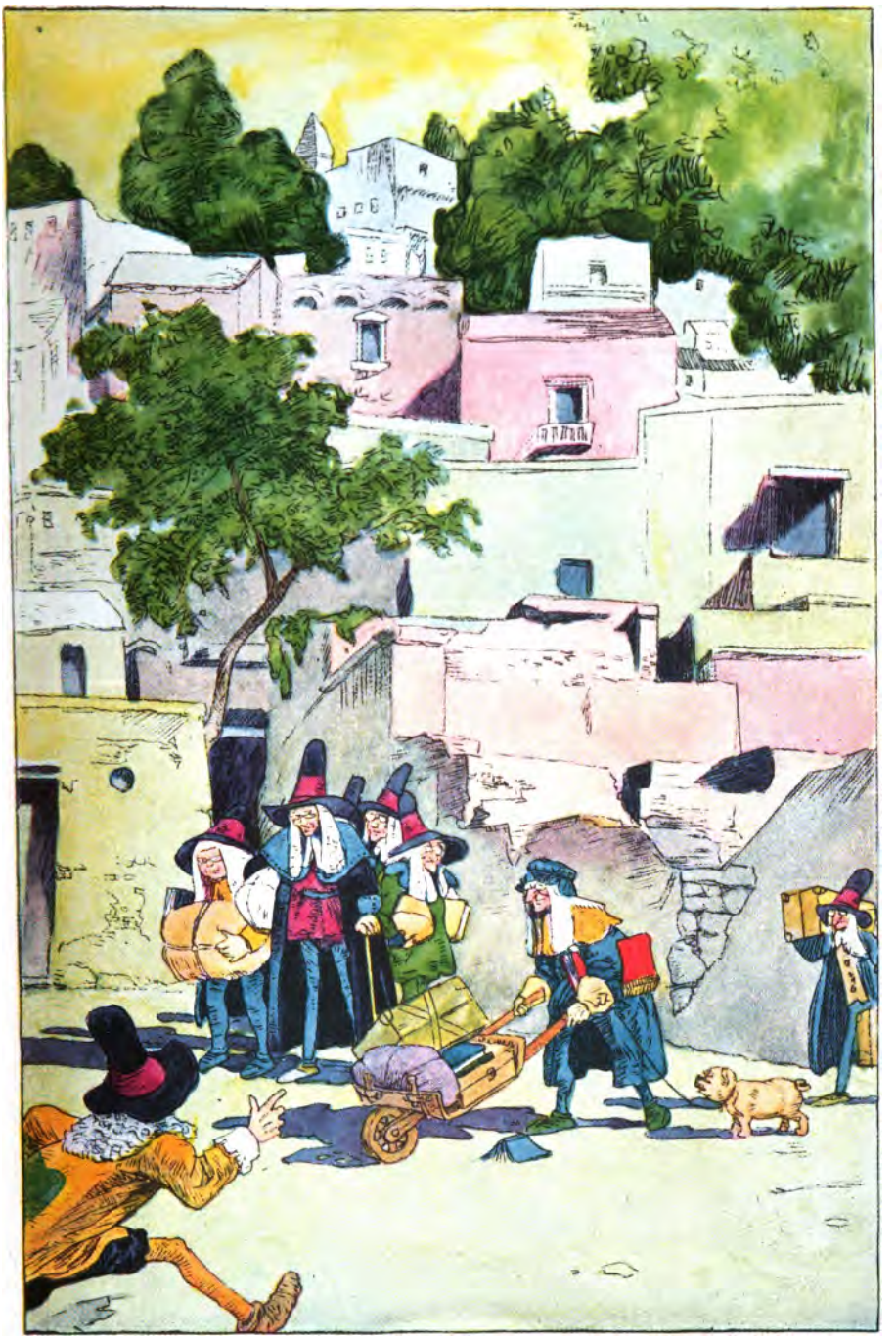
"All of us Wise Men have to leave the country because we cannot think of anything new for the King to do!"

When the Wise Man's wife heard this she laughed and laughed.

"Of all silly people," she cried, "you Wise Men are the silliest!"

And that is just what all of the rest of the Wise Men's wives said when they came home from the neighbor's and found their husbands getting ready to leave the country.

So one Wise Man's wife said to him, "Why don't you tell the King to let the wives of you Wise Men take your places



for a month or two? That will be something new."

"It will never do," replied the Wise Man, "for Wise Men's wives are never wise and you would all make a muddle of it. But I will run and ask the other Wise Men about it."

So he ran and met the rest of the Wise Men just as they were leaving town, and he told them of his wife's foolish suggestion.

"Perhaps it will work!" one said. "At least let us try it for a while, and if it fails we will blame it on our wives."

So they all went back home and unpacked their bags and went to the King and told him of their idea.

"Send for your wives at once!" commanded the King. And when they came before him he frowned and cried, "Now you must think of something quickly or I will throw you into a dungeon!"

"We have a number of things for you to do, Oh! King!" said the leader. "But first we must get your royal promise that you will do everything that we suggest!"

"Will everything you suggest be something that I have never done before?" asked the King, who was beginning to be interested.

"Yes, Oh! King, everything will be something new!"

"Then I promise!" said the King; and he crossed his heart before all the people and swore that he would do all the things the Wise Men's wives could think of.

"Then," said one of the Wise Men's wives, "you will put on the clothes of a Chimney Sweep and go out in search of work!"

The King would have liked to get out of this, but he had given his promise and he knew he could not break it; so he put on the clothes of a Chimney Sweep and went down the street. At the first back door he came to they gave him a job, and the King was covered with soot from head to feet in a short time. And, as he was very fat, he became wedged in the chimney and stuck fast for two hours. He raised so much fuss and noise the man who owned the house climbed to the roof and poured cold water down the chimney upon the King.

This only made the King howl all the louder, and then the man got a stout rope and, with the help of neighbors, he pulled the King from the chimney.

"I will go back to the Castle and have all those Wise Men's wives hung!" he shouted. And at this all the men who had gathered around the Fat Chimney Sweep gathered up barrel staves and drove him from the town. And as the King passed the keeper of the gate, that person gave him a prod with his spear.

So the King wandered about until he came to a Woodchopper's house, and he was so hungry he asked for food.

"If you chop me a cord of wood, I will give you something to eat," said the Woodchopper. And the King was so hungry he had to chop the cord of wood.

He had never swung an ax before and the exertion made his arms ache; and he came back to the Woodchopper's house with blisters upon his hands.

The Woodchopper placed a greasy bowl upon the table and filled it with coarse mush, and placed a piece of dry black bread upon the table.

"Haven't you any tenderloin or venison, or any broiled quail?" asked the King, as he pushed the mush and black bread away from him. "I can't eat this!"

The Woodchopper turned and called to his wife in another room and said: "Ella, come see this creature who turns up his nose at our good, wholesome food. Anyone would think he were a fine Prince instead of a Chimney Sweep, and a lazy one at that!"

And the Woodchopper's wife, who was a large woman, caught the King by the ear and led him squealing from the house. And when she had him outside she gave him a hearty cuff which sent him sprawling.

The King made off as fast as he could and did not stop running until he came to the next town. Here he got another job at which he had to work very hard. And when he had finished working he was given nothing but the coarsest of food to eat, for the poor peasants had nothing but coarse foods to eat. Day after day from one town to another the King wandered, working hard and eating humble fare, until finally, after a month of this, he came to the city in which

lived his sister and her husband. They were King and Queen of that province.

Now the King with his sooty clothes and dirty face had quite a time convincing them that he was really their brother, but when he finally did, they asked him what he intended doing, and the King said: "If I can get back upon my throne in my own country I will throw all those foolish wives of the foolish Wise Men into prison, where they will have nothing to eat but mush and dry bread; and I will make them work as hard as I have had to work in the thirty days I have wandered about."

"But, my dear brother!" exclaimed the Queen, "you have lost your fat look and you look stronger and in better health than when I saw you last!"

"That is true," the poor King admitted. "I have had to work so hard it has made my arms and legs strong, to be

sure, but I have had to eat nothing but the coarsest of foods."

"Ah, my brother," the Queen laughed, "if you feel better by your coarse food and hard work, doesn't it prove that you were living in too much luxury and laziness before, and that you have experienced just what you needed most to make you better?"

"I am afraid so!" said the King, who hated to admit that he could ever make a mistake. "Perhaps, after all, I should appreciate the joke that the Foolish Men's Wise Wives have played upon me. Arrange then for me to return to my country, and I promise that I will not punish anyone for my experience!"

Then the Queen arranged for him to return. And the people were glad to see that he had improved in appearance and in manners. And when he found that the wives of the Wise Men had ruled the country well in his absence, he knew he must treat everyone right if he wished to remain King long.

So the wives of the Wise Men are still at the Castle, and they make all the laws; for the King spends most of his time working at something useful, and finds it far more pleasant than lying around doing nothing except grumbling and acting discontented.

And the best part of it all is, that the discontented King is never discontented any more. His subjects, who once hated and feared him, now love him and call him "the Good King."

Here are the titles of My Very Own Fairy Stories:

1 The Cheery Cricket
2 The Kind Hearted Ginger Bread Man
3 The Ugly Caterpillar
4 Jimmy Crow and the Owls
5 The Good Finger Fairies
6 Granny Hawkins
7 The Rubbery Dubbery Smiles
8 Uncle Clem
9 The Happy Story
10 The Quarrel of the Winds
11 The Mole Hill at Menemshia Creek
12 The Discontented King